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Chris Maloney

MEASURE

SPRING 1992

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Becky Facemyer

My Voice

My voice sounds
like a whisper
though I use all of my strength
to form the words,
fighting to be heard
by anyone.

And the whisper
falls upon deaf ears
but one...
And that person can't see
the infractions
I am speaking of.

So I struggle
to make the cry sound louder,
but I whisper all the more
into the din the world makes
to defend itself.
And I cry
hot tears of frustration,
losing all hope
in the world
and the people
who surround me.

Jonathan Michiels

"From Drury Lane to Tin Pan Alley

Cole Porter's loud checks
clash with his Indiana
plaid dungaree pants



KC

Lisa Barany

Disgust

When I feel disgust,
it is like a chilling cringe as fingernails glide on a
chalkboard scraping at the very tenderness of a raw
nerve.

It is like the ache of heartbreak,

Like toothpaste foaming with spit in the sink,

Like a smirk on a rapist's face, who is wrongly
pardoned.

Disgust is not confetti, or balloons, or cotton candy.

Or being voted most likely to succeed.

No, disgust is not the uncontainable joy of winning,
but the warm mess your toes accidentally slip into as
you run into one of the first days of a long awaited
spring - barefoot.

Miranda Curin

Self Portrait

She wears the night cloaked about her
as the stars gather in her hair,
while the tears fall from her eyes like moondrops,
when she is all alone in the cool, crisp air.

She walks and is sure of her step;
she holds her head high from her hardship.
Yet she is numb to the pain of love and grief,
Because her pride is stronger than she.

Cristy Osborn

Opposites

Waves roll, crash and erupt.
Two opposite forces come together, drift apart.
A dance, a fight, a reunion.

So experienced, so naive,
A pleasure so unbearable,
a pain that turns to longing.

Hold your breath; scream out loud.
Weep, for tomorrow comes,
and understand that nothing means the world to me.

A soul searching, a mate is found.
Hold on too tight; slip from my grasp.
Let go and it drifts back.

Kiss away the tears;
Smile through the pain.
Hold on for one more day.

Jessica Henry

House of Stone

I often thought of death
And hoped mine would soon pass,
For someone had thrown pebbles
At my house once made of glass.
I stumbled across a pebble though
And drew it in my hand.
I slipped it through my fingers
And returned it to the land.
Now with this single pebble
I've begun a life anew,
Remembering with each piece of earth
Stories sad but true.
Years have come and gone,
Now I have a house of stone,
And with each somber pebble
I have grown.
Oh, I have grown.

Becky Facemyer

Our Final Goodbye

The look on your face
says you love me no more
before you give voice to the reply,
but I already knew what you'd tell me.
And your eyes are stones,
set with determination
of the decision you made.
And you're pushing me away
with hands that are rough,
which used to be gentle to me,
when the slightest touch could make me smile,
that now only bruises me
and stabs me,
giving me wounds that you will never glimpse.
And your heart is cold,
that used to be open to me
and warm and loving,
and I cannot break
the ice that has formed around it so thick.
And a single tear rolls down my face
in tribute
to this,
our final goodbye.

Miranda Curin

The Last Word Is Me

I am lonesome like
a bird without a nest.
I am lonesome like
a boy without a bed.
I am lonesome like
a lady without a love.
Now I only think of I
and the lonesome feel.
But if you care to see,
the last word in lonesome is me.

Ashes of Society

I couldn't see what was in the old man's hand. That's what made me nervous. Was he trying to kill me? I decided that he wasn't. Whatever it was, wasn't big enough to do any harm. Plus, I didn't have that much that he would want ... as far as he knew. Then again, people would take anything these days.

"You look like you could use one," he said with the dim firelight in back of him.

A cigarette. He was just offering me a cigarette.

"Thanks," I said as I pulled it to my mouth.

The old man held a light to me on the end of a small branch. The oil drum in the alley housed a flame for warmth. That must have been where he got the light. A nicotine rush went through my veins as I inhaled the smoke.

"I don't think I've ever seen you around before," he mentioned as he looked me over. "Where you from?"

"I live outside the Sprawl," I stated as as smoke blew out of my mouth. "I only come here when I need something. Who's your friend?"

"Him?" the old man shrugged towards body living inside a cardboard box and some twisted steel. "That's Dabny. He was out riding the rails for a while. That life got too much for him. Oh my name is Max."

He extended his hand to me. But as his hand and part of his arm slipped from under his grungy overalls, an unearthly glint startled me. He must have noticed too, for he seemed embarrassed by it.

"I'm ...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." He frantically covered his hand with a dirty bag. I remember feeling sorry that I had caused him embarrassment. So he was cyber, big deal. A lot of people had bionic parts.

"It doesn't bother me," I said, offering my hand this time. "It's just an arm." He seemed to just smile and silently thank me. I leaned back against the brick wall and inhaled the last drag of my cigarette. "Yeah, I'm used to those things. Got my degree in computer science. Thought it was an advancing field. I never thought that technology would advance beyond us. You got a degree?"

"Does it matter?" he laughed, watching the last embers of my cigarette on the street.

"Good point."

Max turned to look up at the stars. His face was a sort of mix, like he was looking for something that he had already given up on.

"Yeah, I went to college. Harvard, Class of '87. I was a Certified Public Accountant. I was going to count money, until the time came when no one had any money to count." He looked back down the street with a snicker. It was a laugh that sadly said that nothing was funny any more. "Where'd you go to school?"

"It was a small school in Indiana. You probably never heard of it," I replied, brushing some dirt off of my fatigues.

"Sounds nice."

"It was no Oxford."

"How long has it been since you've had a job?"

"Four years."

"Oh, you're lucky then. Most of these guys haven't seen work anywhere near that recent. You should've joined the service when the Oil War started in the Middle East."

"And get killed?," I retorted.

"Steady paycheck," he continued.

"No, I thought I could peddle myself into designing computer systems for missiles. Guess not."

Max seemed to offset my gloominess somehow. Maybe it was the resignation I had sensed before. He was old, his life was winding down, and he knew he didn't have the money to keep himself healthy for much longer. The cybernetic arm was cheap, but not that cheap.

"I didn't care," Max said out of the blue. "I just didn't give a damn. As long as I got my degree, I didn't care. If it wasn't going to help me get a job, I didn't care about it. If it interfered with my having a good time, I didn't want to know about it. I was just as bad as Dabny over there. All he cared about was football."

"You didn't know," I eventually said, after a long pause. "How could you? I mean, things were looking bad back in '92, but who could have known it was going this far?"

Something came screaming down the street, making a noise like the Angel of Death belching through a penny whistle. I could distinguish wild calls and cries from within the mechanical cacaphony.

"Great. The biker gangs," Max said as the leather rebels rode their steel horses towards our alley. "We've managed to avoid them up till now."

"Well, that's why I've got some insurance." I opened my full-length coat to show Max the sawed-off shotgun that I carried. Max sort of laughed and looked away with that same face. The look that said he had nothing in the world...and he didn't care.

I reached into my coat pocket and fished for an oblong object. Once I found it, I tossed it to him. It was a bar of soap.

"Take this," I said. "Not many people have it these days, but it's good to keep around."

"Where the hell did you find this?" he asked with that same laugh.

"I made it. I learned how to make soap from animal fats. I've learned to do a lot of things for myself." I leaned back against the bricks again. You can learn to do without a pillow.

"You staying with us tonight?" Max asked. He sat and waited for me to reply for about two minutes. I suppose I thought I hadn't heard him, but I had. I was just thinking about when the end would come. I had stopped asking why. I just accepted it.

"I might as stay," I finally replied. "I'm just so damned tired."

Francis L. Schwartz

The Snow

The fresh fallen snow
Crunches under the heavy
Steps of two specters,

Specters of the past pleasures
Foretelling the coming pains.

Becky Facemyer

Pain

Cutting through me
like a blade
in your hands
as you look at me
with eyes that accuse,
though I've done nothing to harm you.

I look for the compassion
I once knew,
which used to fill those eyes
when you would gaze upon me,
and I search for the inner corners
of the soul
your eyes could reveal,
but both are absent
from the face I see before me.

All I can see are your eyes,
piercing me,
as though each were a knife
and cutting through the flesh and bone,
even through my very soul
to wound me
as my own eyes fill with tears
at your accusations.

Jason Hyde

Truth

in late evening,
the little tombstones reflect
all that we deny



Becky Facemyer

An Old Friend

I passed by you on the street today;
I might have even said, "Hello;"
I don't remember,
and you didn't reply;
maybe you don't know who I am.

I pulled out my scrap book
when I got home,
and you were inside
with me
in photographs
from times when we were young.

We were friends once
when we were young,
so long ago
it seems like a lifetime,
and maybe it was
since we both moved on
and our lives don't connect any more;
but once in a while
it's nice to remember
what used to be.





Robert Garrity

Winter Life

One dead yellow leaf
 lies trembling on a grassy grave:
Now brisk winter wind
 imparts new meaning to its face.
Springtime heat will not
 return the sap that dead leaves crave.
No more summer sun
 can calm the blood to slower pace;
Now crass coldness makes
 our breath and pulse accelerate.
Where once torpor reigned
 new energy stands in its place.
So let dead leaves wave
 at frigid fans' enlivened rate;
Bring on polar blasts
 so yellow leaves at last can race.

Miranda Curin

Your Words Form A Song

Sometimes loud and booming,
other times soft and tender,
with the blast of a trumpet,
or the note of a flute,
always showing expression
there is intense meaning.
They fill my ears with sound
like whispers in a seashell.
Your ocean drowns me
yet sets me afloat.
I hear your symphony.
Your words form a song.

John D. Groppe

Without Care

That time when a world seems to need no care
and cares for us, that is Eden.
Apples seem to ripen without pruning,
bread to be served without grinding or heat.
Shelter is there when the night or rain falls.
Subtle the move from playing to grinding
like passing the middle of a river--
we know only we have reached the far shore.
Now nothing is just there.
Apples and bread
are labored daily to empty tables,
are compared with what others provide
and protected even if meager,
and now the world needs more care than it gives.
Is it any wonder that we look back
with tears and search in our poor selves for faults?

Kristi Messmaker

Sheree

There is a cold, clammy feeling in the air.
A flag whips violently in the distance.
"There is Life After Death,"
Reads a wooden cross in front of me.
I shiver as I gaze upon your name,
And place a red rose on your stone.
Emptiness engulfs me.

You were young and full of life.
Your smile was sunshine that could
Light up the world,
You were careless as a leaf on a windy day.
You were . . . my best friend.

Edward P. Habrowski

**The Soul of Malawi-- The Trilogy
Birth--Life--Death**

Born in a village.

Yes. In joy and in poverty.

Belong to an ethnic tribe.

Yes. One is either matrilineal or patrilineal.

See your children die from diseases before they are five.

Yes. It is a way of life.

Eat nsima at most meals.

Yes. If you have ground corn meal.

Sweater in the hot sun and poverty.

Yes. For all and for many.

Develop TB from the cold in June and July.

Yes. If you live in a mountain village.

Socialize in the open market.

Yes. Food and fold abound. Who died? Who bore a child?

Get a haircut.

Yes. Watch out for the dull blades.

Visit the tinsmith.

Yes. If you need a bucket to carry water from the river.

Check with the herbalist.

Yes. For eating and healing herbs.

Go to school and study English.

Yes. If you can pay the school and uniform fees.

Take the national exams.

Yes. If you hope to get a place in secondary schools.

Participate in initiation rites.

Yes. It is the only way one becomes an adult.

Join the party.

Yes. If you want to get ahead.

No. If you want to save your neck.

Become a martyr.

Yes. If you believe in justice and equality.

Dance for the president.

Yes. If you want your husband to keep his job.
Become a grandparent.

Yes. But death is usually assured at 47 years of
age.

Gather wood and water.

Yes. If you are a woman or girl.

Prepare the daily meal.

Yes. A duty of the grandmother.

Die in a village.

Yes. Most probably the same one you were
born in.

Die in a village.

Yes. In joy and poverty.

Die in a village.

Yes. But your life is etched forever in the
roots of story telling

around an evening fire and not on a tombstone.

Cristy Osborn

Little Girl Lost

Little girl standing in the corner---
arms folded, eyes downcast.
Shadows play across her face.

Why don't you come out and play?
laugh and shout---
Why don't you be a child again?

Little girl standing in the corner---
tears roll down her cheeks.
Shivers and pushes back further in the corner.

Lift your face to the sun,
reach your arms out,
Hold on to me--- I can teach you to be a child again.
Come out of your corner, little girl.

Emmy Kreilkamp

Snow Angels

I know my limbs are worn,
and my Christmas clothes are new-
but please,
will you play in the snow with me?

Let's forget the food they stuffed us with,
and the house they call my home-
forget the anger i threw at you
and the promise you made to leave.
And come with me into the snow

I know my face is stained with tears
and your soul is haunted with memories-
I know it is painful to speak to me so politely,
to cage your hands from holding mine-
but today, just once,
on this Christmas morning
let's run out into the waiting snow-

I can replace that hopeless glare
with a foolish grin,
if you lie down with me
in this powdered sugar-
we can set a flight snow angels,
and dance among the flurries
that settle in your hair,
and fall from your face like petals-

I'll remind you of the boy you held inside-
the boy I once loved,
if you tumble in the snow with me
and relive our childhood pasts

Before you leave,
to go back to your grown up world
grant me this Christmas wish,
so when you've gone
and I run to the window,
I'll see the angels and dancing feet
you left behind-
and then I'll remember the boy you used to be,
the boy who loved me.

Francis L. Schwartz

Ode To Death

To die is to be on the Brink of Freedom.
Life begins at death.

When you die, you open yourself to the
"benign indifference of the universe,"
a greater understanding.

Death allows you to reach a higher order of
indifference,
one in which God and the universe are one,
a sanctuary with infinite lack of space,
time, and feeling:

happiness within oneself.

Can death be a vacation from something which is
even greater,
something before birth and after death?

Will we ever know?

Anonymous

Disgust

was a day like no other...
a day when our football team played the blind school
and lost;
a day when the rain ruined any chance of my hair
looking good;
a day when the keg was sucked dry before I wet my
lips;
a day when I was written up for having an empty
cup of no beer;
a day when he and someone else became M.I.A. and I
saw them leave;
a day when all they could say was "It's not what you
are thinking;"
a day when my world fell in love with a redhead and
I went to bed alone.

Elizabeth Bathory

Rest In Peace

Petals fall upon your grave,
you loved me,
you loved me not
treading lightly on snow
so as not to scar it,
destroy clean perfection
with my footprints

now as petals fall with
I will love you,
love you not
I dance upon your gravestone,
twisting as I set aloof prisoned petals,
watching them sail in the air
and carpet the snow

with muddy footprints I leave,
scarring the snow
as you have scarred me,
in death.

Jason Hyde

Ashes

Tomorrow rises
from the ashes of today.
It, too, burns away.

Becky Facemyer

What May Come

At last I feel peace,
cloaking my troubled heart
and freeing me
from the darkness
that surrounded me
for so long.
And tonight I will sleep,
dreamlessly,
and ever so long,
and I will awaken refreshed
as I haven't
for some time.

And the fears that plague me
through every waking hour
will lose the death-grip
with which they hold me
until I soar above them,
and far away from their grasping hands.
And my soul will let out a roar
of laughter,
recklessly,
though even laughter
cannot properly express
all the joy that I feel
at my new-found freedom.
And no emotion could express
the hope that fills me
with the dreams I have
for tomorrow
and what may come.

Ramona Quimby

Candle

The candle for world peace is burning,
as raw bleeding homeless knees
pray to a god long forgotten-
pig passes, adds another bruise
to the many that plague at midnight.
The candle burns...

The priest prays for our men in the east,
who stalk by day and kill by night-
how many innocent did you kill tonight?
The candle burns...

The governor say the electric chair
will clear our prisons,
and cleanse ourselves of rotting refuse-
we'll discourage murder
by killing them too-
the candle burns...

the education president
has cut back our grants,
he needed money
for the bomber that can't fly-
the next war will be the last.
The candle burns...

I wake screaming
from a nuclear nightmare,
and shudder from the cold,
in the darkness-
pitch black,
for the candle's gone out.

Kim Kennedy

Bette Next Door

At the apex of nocturnal bliss
I slumber on in tranquil comfort.
I relish the welcomed rest
rewarded after a night's academic endeavor.
Silence is golden.
Perhaps on a gluttonous night,
I devour six hours at best, but usually hungrily
ravishing
only a paltry four.
No need to set my damn alarm,
for Bette next door will croon her song
waking me with uncertainty and fright
in such a way my hairs stand on end like
soldiers at attention.
Bette's voice, ah, an unparalleled phenomenon.
How can something be so out of tune?
Like cats in heat,
Like screeching brakes,
Like nails across a chalk board.
You see, Bette has no sensibility or sensitivity
to those still
left in dreamland.
For Bette is the arrogant one that should be thanked
for singing her latest cassette.
Oh Bette, Oh Bette you are rude as hell.
Why do I put up with you?
For one day, my nerves will snap and half-crazed
I'll depart my lair only to kill you!
Of course I'll plea insanity with a justifiable reason,
but one good thing, sleep is never lacked in
prison.
Oh what sweet peace this one act will bring
when it will be over when the fat lady sings.

Emmy Kreilkamp

A Child

Even if only
for a brief and fleeting moment,
I would like to be happy again,

to experience the bliss of a child
who knows not fear or responsibility,
who has no worries or cares,

to marvel at the simplicity
of a butterfly,
to stop and smell a flower,
to be able to smile freely once more.

Oh, to be a child again,
to be that simple,
to know love
that will never change
no matter what one says
or does.

Miranda Curin

Paper Doll

You're so fragile,
So tender, so light.
I hold you gently
Between my fingers.
You're so frail,
A breeze bends you.

You're so precious,
I keep you close,
Not wanting to
Lose your love.
Then the breeze comes
And the wind
blows you away.

John D. Groppe

Earth and Rain

The earth knew it before we did,
even before the birds,
and rose to join the rain.
Swifts, surprised by the soaring soil,
sorted as ground bound swallows.
Then we felt the wind and its promise.
Our desire has been buried deep within civilities
and nurtured like an African plant in a city flat,
without knowing the torrent
that had spawned its gentle purple.
The earth swirled, the rain fell, the birds fled.
Even then we hesitated,
sitting apart, laughing, our faces turned to the wind.
The honest invitation remained,
and we rose to dance with the earth and rain.

Greg Potts

Foulest of All

Needles washed up on the sand.
Tuna boats sail the green sea.
All sea creatures running scared.
Ghost nets in the sea too free.

Such a crime committed by man,
a crime unpunished through the years.
Man has raped the virgin sea.
Now the sky weeps her tears.

All criminals running free,
Uncle Ronny, exon too.
Who is the foulest of all?
Oh, that must be me and you.

Becky Facemyer

To Be Whole Again

And I cry sometime,
late at night,
alone
in the dark of my room
when I think of you,
because I'm still in love with you,
and I wake up with a picture of you
emblazoned on my mind
for you fill my every dream
and waking fantasy.

If only you were here
right now,
holding me
as you used to
in the silence of midnight,
in the darkness that covers me,
in the shadows so complete
I fear never seeing light again,
but you will never hold me
as you used to,
and I will never be whole again.

Matthew Nowlin

Her Life As A Flower

Flower blooms.
Colours bleed.
Beauty pours out
Of its sensual
Pitcher. Like a
Modern day Beatrice
She warms the room
With her presence.
Soft glowing sun
Shining bright on
The delicate petals.
Colours bleed
Mixing and turning
Like a child's kaleidoscope.
Simple, beautiful, so unaware.
Mead from heaven, wine so
sweet.
Torn, the petal falls.
Blood of life escaping.
Little one don't cry!
Simple life of simple love.
Sharing to be one with all.



Kim Kennedy

Watching Otters at Night with Darry Day

I sat there next to him,
 legs stretched out, balancing on palms.
The bank was cool and damp.
The sky above, charming with illumination,
 seemed immense and dark as onyx.
The lake was placid as was the breeze,
 and time unimportant.
It was as if time stood still,
 like a picture in a post card.
He pointed to something in the water
 but only saw a silhouette
of some small creature, probably an otter
taking a midnight bath.
We talked and I giggled with nervous reaction,
 having the time of my life.
He sixteen, and I a mere twelve and fibbing about
 my age,
 anticipating something but wasn't sure of what.
I stood up, brushed my hands clean;
 it was late, I had to go.
He then rose and wrapped an eloquent arm around
 me,
an embrace I never felt before.
He bent his head and kissed me
 with sweet, tender passion.
I felt as though intoxicated;
 the world rotated faster.
My eyes shut, my lips acting on their own will,
 a warm nauseous feeling burned inside my
 gullet.
My palms sticky and wet,
I tried to dry them on his tee-shirt unnoticed.
His kiss seemed eternal
 while my body began to quiver.
His hands seemed to be creeping further down.
Panic-stricken, I withdrew, I muttered a good-bye,
 ran as fast as I could,
flustered and flushed in cheek
back to the cabin and into my mother's arms.



W. Johnson
3-12-92

Becky Facemyer

Frustration

The voice of frustration calls to me,
repetitiously beating into my skull
until I hold my temples,
screaming into the world around me,
begging the noises to stop,
but they continue on
unceasingly.

Everything I try to do
seems thwarted by the world
that surrounds me
because no one seems to understand,
or maybe they don't want to listen
for fear of what they may hear.

Is there no consolation
for me,
forever frustrated
by the evils of the world around me
and people's opinions
that shouldn't matter to me
though they always do?

Jason Hyde

Fool's Day

Dancing, singing, drinking,
the fools in their masked parade
prance through the wet streets,
bringing joy to all they meet.

Dancing, singing, lying,
the masked fools
haunt the dark city streets
spreading a strange disease.

Trust not the masks worn today;
the false faces of these fools
hide the truth behind hollow smiles.
Trust not the masks worn every day.
Demons lurk within the grins;
hypocrisies burn behind the eyes.



Carla

I Remember

The days still go on
Yet differently now.
That hollow in my heart
Is adjusting somehow.

Your memory still lingers,
Though your presence is gone.
I think of you often
As time marches on.

I remember our childhood,
Your face, your crooked smile.
I fondly remember
The fun and the trials.

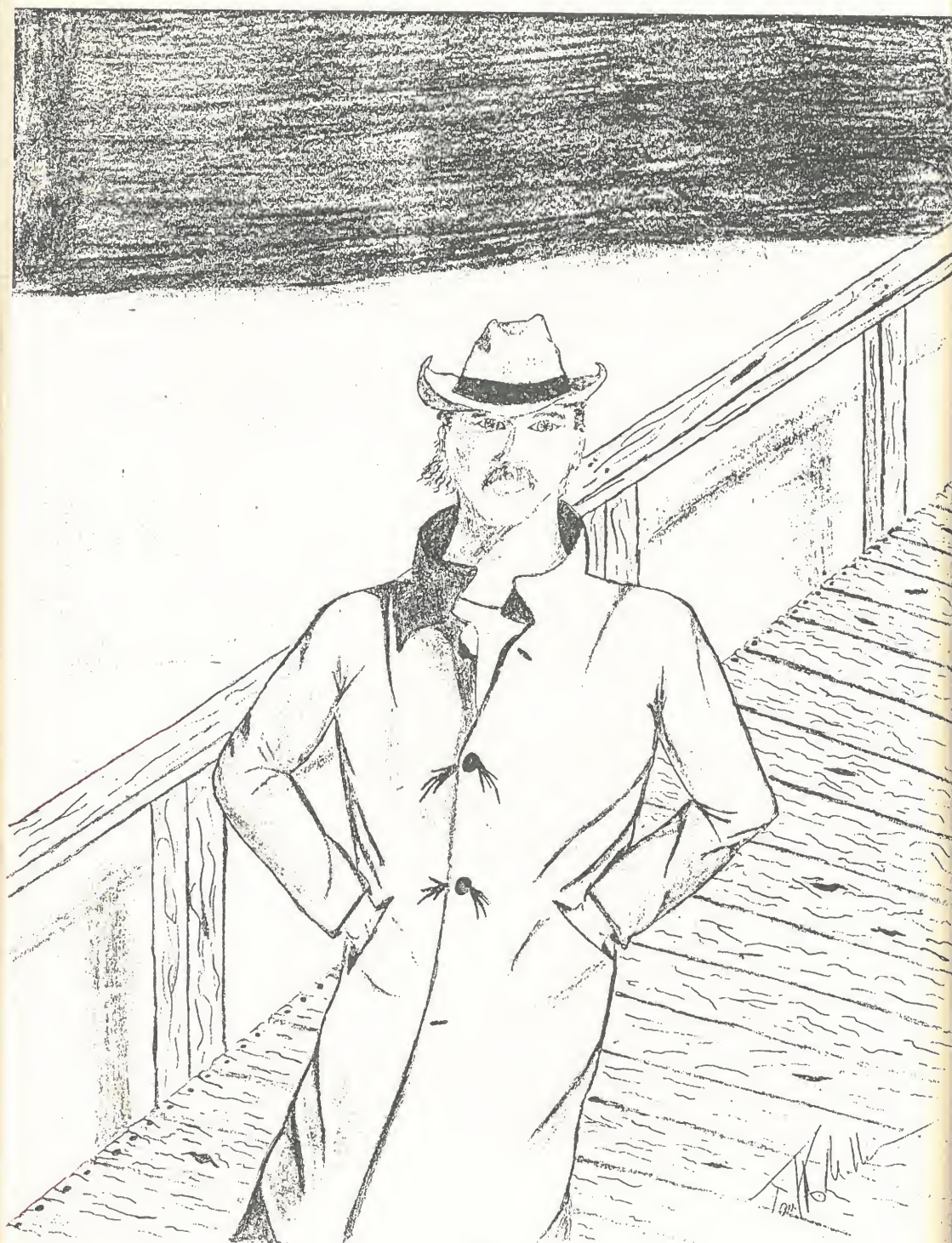
I thought we'd grow old together
Reminiscing the past,
Who could have known
It would happen so fast?

We were all there,
We were holding your hand
As you passed through that door
To the Promised Land.

The years will pass
And memories fade,
Like the blue jeans we wore
In our teenager days.

I will always remember.
Of course, I'll recall,
Though your life was cut short,
You gave it your all.

The burden's been lightened,
Your soul without care.
May I always remember
You're awaiting us there.



Becky Facemyer

One

One,
such a lonely word,
the beginning of everything
I have ever learned.

One
comes before two
and three
and all the rest.
One person
begins a line
and other people follow.
One little kid
on the playground,
left out of the game
because he's not good enough.

All that it takes
is another one
added to the first
to make all of life less lonely,
but one by one we set out
to make our fortunes
all alone,
never trusting another
to fill that empty place we hold
within each of our hearts;
but we are all alone still
like the kid on the playground.

Jason Ostrowski

Simple Homepack

Going away,
Like I will in May.
Going to Church
I hate to say
Dear old Dad,
I cross your way,
And lessen fear
every day.

Whatever.
Whatever.
This long endeavor,
Lasts forever daily.
I've got this fever
Citrone teaser.
So I go away,
Whatever.

Smoking man,
Sells me sand,
To place in hopeful eye.
Sing in band,
About that girl,
Who loves to hold my hand.

I hate this place,
Throw an ace,
And pick up my friends
At random.

Shelly Robertson

Jealousy

Jealousy is like a blind man
Groping in the dark.
Cold, old black-blue coffee,
A pen that will not mark.

Jealousy is like bitter sweet candy,
A flower that has wilted,
A frozen field in summertime,
A blanket left unquilted.

Jealousy is like contamination
That never goes away.
Jealousy's like superglue
Forever more to stay.

Jealousy is a useless emotion
Like a runner handicapped.
Jealousy cannot be avoided,
Like color overlapped.

Jealousy's like bitter wine;
Jealousy's a cyst.
Jealousy's like a traitor,
better if he did not exist.

Jason Ostrowski

Spoon

I wonder if
I am willing
To do just about anything
For just about anyone,

If those who receive
Will ever give
What they have,
Which I have seen;
My question will be answered.

Yet as I look,
I tend to think
That anyone
Is someone.

If love is real,
Time will heal,
And question there will be none.

John D. Groppe

Time for Carnival

We work like our fathers but without their faith
that things would change.
We die as we were born, well fed and comfortable
but bored, there being no reason to excel.
Unlike our fathers we know the new haven
was but a dream.
For a time there were new possibilities,
class lines dissolved, people moved up.
But class has appeared anew like the green line
on the beach left by the tide.
Now the peasants dress almost as well as lords,
yet rule nothing and know they are still peasants.
The lords are not so sure but never were.
And so we've settled in and watch the days
go round like an exploded catherine wheel,
spinning, spinning, without sparks.
We've settled in, follow the seasons,
and bide our time till carnival,
that celebration of our bodies followed by deep
penance.

Jason Ostrowski

Courage

Every once in a while,
A fluffy little bird will fall from the sky.
With all your love,
You will snuggle his sensitive weight,
As you try so hard to keep him warm.
The tiny innocent bird may discomfort,
And accidentally his fragile blue and yellow
Wing has fractured.

Suddenly, all you love may seem a mistake,
But under the playful caring burial,
His thoughts and yours may remain alive.
There is a time to leave the wonderful behind,
Pocketing for special from time to time.
There is a time when we must realize
That love can never be forgotten,
And with all our might,
We each repair and fly.
We keep thoughts in perspective
And build a fence with a gate in the middle.
Then the process continues,
But the heavy soil must be wheeled alone.
When the time is right we will unlock the gate.
You emerge with courage.

You accept the past
And you learn to keep your courage.
As others have said it you seize the day,
But we do it with courage.
As the Kingfisher repairs his wing,
He sees the heaven above through glasses of courage.
As we hurl through the wind, Hand-In-Hand,
We are hand in hand with courage,

Ready to share our wisdom
With the people we love.

Jason Hyde

Death's Kiss

You shall find yourself
frozen and bare
standing at the threshold
of ethereal despair
for release from your pain.
You continue to pray
but the sins that taint your skin
will never fade away.
You will beg for mercy
that will never be.
And you will look for light
that you can never see.
The truth like a dagger
slices through your eyes.
Your hate like a storm cloud
blackens bright skies.
Soon you shall leave this realm,
Never to be missed.
Soon you shall join the others
whom death has kissed.

